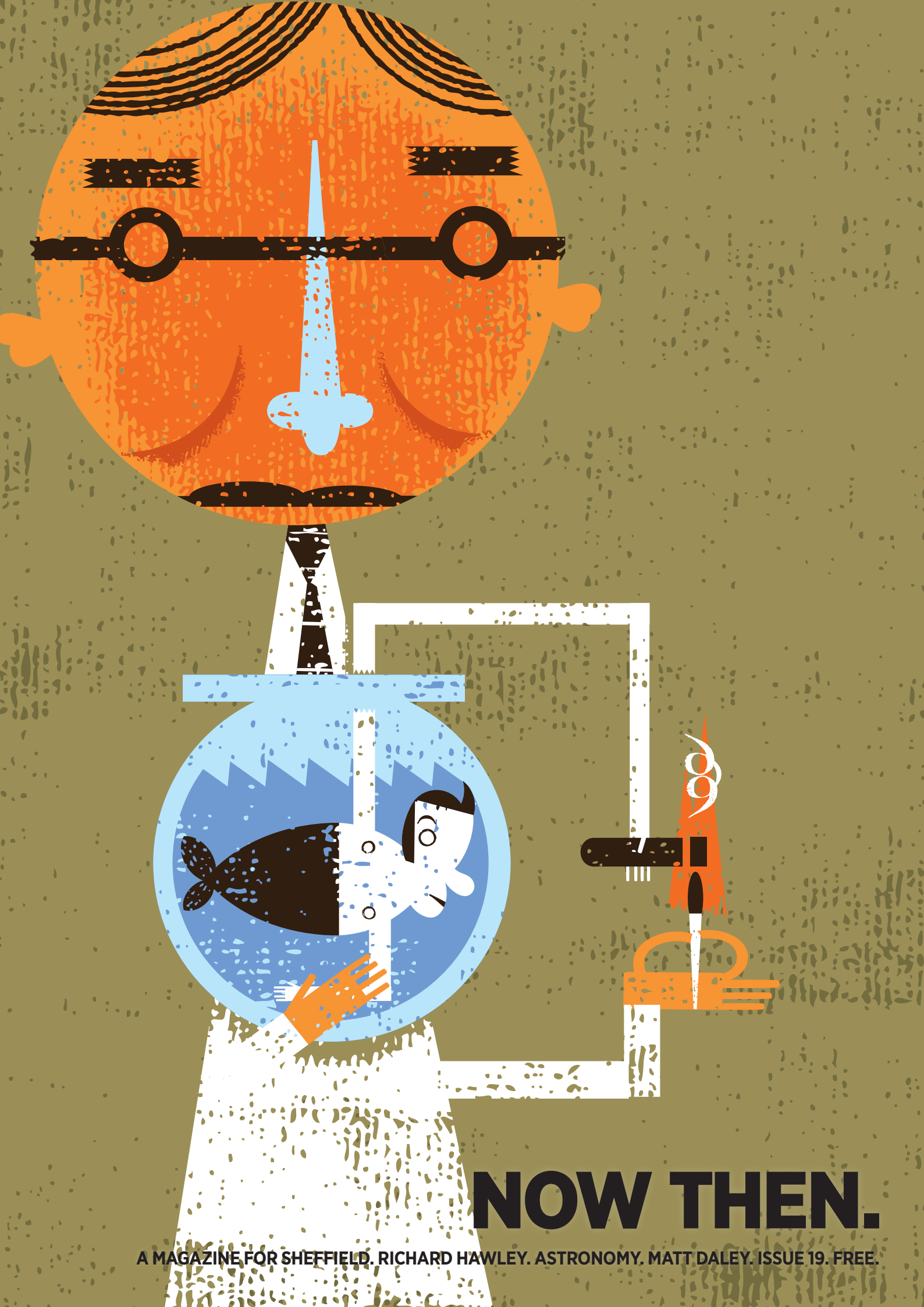




NOW THEN.

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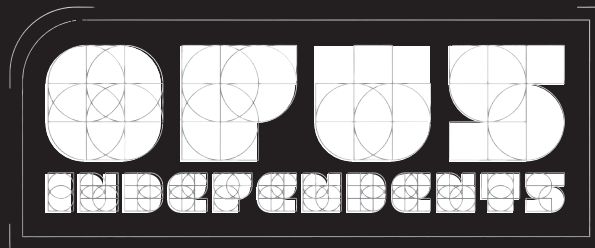
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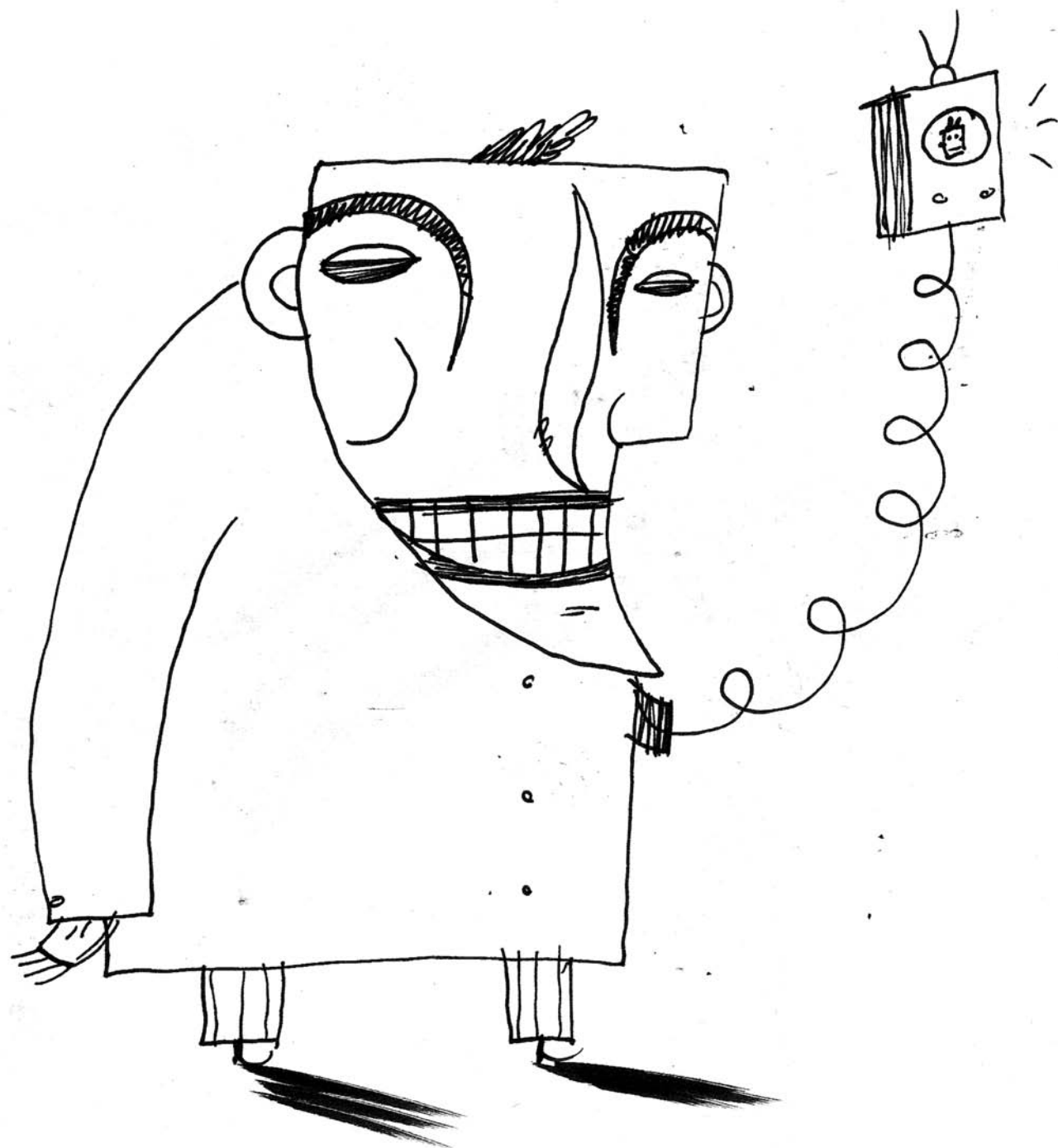


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EDITORIAL.

NOW THEN HAS INCREASED ITS CIRCULATION FROM 2,000 TO 5,000 THIS MONTH, SO HELLO ABBEYDALE ROAD, CHESTERFIELD ROAD AND WOODSEATS.

This expansion has also meant four new pages of content, so we've got an extra article and the Council Axe, Sound and Filmreel sections have grown. We've also had a bit of a facelift, courtesy of Mr Jones.

October's propaganda pamphlet has articles on cracked pavements, bikes, Sheffield Forum, astronomy and gonzo. Our interviews are with Jeffrey Lewis and Sir Richard of Hawley.

As ever, email us on subs@nowthensheffield.com if you have an idea for an article/rant/review/interview/poem/other. Local bands, musicians and producers – stop being so shy and send us music to review. We'll try not to be too savage...

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK.

COMMUNITY PROJECTS GOING ON IN BURNGREAVE.

KAT COUSINS.

BACK IN 2001, BURNGREAVE WAS SELECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT AS ONE OF 39 "VERY DEPRIVED" NEIGHBOURHOODS IN THE COUNTRY TO RECEIVE A FUNDING BOOST THROUGH A PARTNERSHIP PROGRAMME. BURNGREAVE NEW DEAL FOR COMMUNITIES WAS BORN, WITH THE ROLE OF DECIDING HOW THE FUNDING SHOULD BE SPENT IN THE AREA. THAT MONEY HAS NOW RUN OUT FOR MANY OF THE GROUPS IT SUPPORTED.

There have been some bad feelings around about the programme and how it was run - some questioning the decision-making process and, more recently, some feeling peeved at the abrupt manner that funding was cut - but this article isn't about the politics. I'm just setting the scene for you in case you don't know the first thing about that neighbourhood. Instead I want to highlight some of the great projects going on in the area, because right now is a crucial time for people to support local projects. Regardless of whether groups received funding through New Deal, it is currently very difficult for voluntary and community groups to obtain new funding. So if you think they are doing some thing worthwhile, show them some support.

GREENTOP CIRCUS CENTRE.

Located in a former church building, the stained glass window of a clown gives the Greentop Circus Centre away a bit. The centre offers regular classes and workshops, and their performers put on live shows and cabarets. I saw their "Secret Circus" cabaret show recently and instantly wanted to take up trapeze.

The centre runs training for both beginners and professionals, including poi workshops, burlesque dance classes and stilt sessions. What's more, it's the only circus space in Yorkshire where you can use a permanently installed aerial and trapeze rig. They also run projects with children and young people from the local area.

Check out the autumn programme of events and classes at greentop.org.

THE WOMEN'S CONSTRUCTION CENTRE.

The Women's Construction Centre, part of South Yorkshire Women's Development Trust, runs courses for women at its centre on Buckenham Street. The majority of courses are for women to get practical DIY skills. Some may want to take things further with formal qualifications, to pursue a career in a particular trade.

The centre is not just for those with the means to pay - they also run a course for school girls and another for young women not in employment, education or training, where they can gain qualifications and go on to do an NVQ.

Find out about their current classes at sywdt.org/pages/projects.htm.

THE GREENFINGERS PROJECT.

The Greenfingers project offers adults with mental health problems the opportunity to be part of a friendly local allotment. Each week members can go along for a session at the plot overlooking the Don valley. At the allotment they can choose to tend to the organic vegetables and flowers, help make lunch or just enjoy a cup of tea in a supportive environment.

The project works with individuals with a range of mental health problems, from people feeling a bit low and isolated to those recovering from post traumatic stress or long-term mental health problems such as bipolar disorder.

The project is run by some paid staff but is also supported by volunteers. To find out more, visit sagesheffield.org.uk or call the office on 0114 274 3651.

BEING A PEDESTRIAN CAN BE A CHALLENGE. TONS OF RUSHING METAL ON ONE SIDE, A SHOP SIGN OBSTACLE COURSE AHEAD AND CRAZED PAVING UNDERFOOT. NEVER MIND ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE CRAMPED ONTO A COUPLE OF METRES OF CONCRETE. LEGS AND BRAIN HAVE TO DO SOME WORK, KEEPING US UPRIGHT AND MOVING.

Keeping upright is a fine skill. Once we get the hang of it as toddlers, we get upset if something upends us. Over the last five years the council has paid out a million quid in lawsuits related to trips or falls. Some say we should get up, pull our broken limbs after us without complaint and be Proper Englanders. Get your lip stiffened and get on with it you lily-livered moaners.

For others, Sheffield is useful training for dealing with earthquake zones. Pushing a baby to sleep means wrestling the pram over boulder-sized chunks of broken path, hoping not to end up in a crevasse or have the little one bounce right out. People leave their houses with crutches in case they suffer a twisted ankle, fractured hip or broken everything. Water, gas, cable and ‘havingalough’ services find pristine bits of pavement to dig over while the council slaps tarmac down in the style of Jackson Pollock. Things escalate when auntie Alice, new hip and all, goes flying off a broken kerb. You could take the law into your own hands, storming the WI cake competition and holding the Lord Mayor hostage with a sharpened spatula, demanding retribution and improved maintenance on public rights of way. But it wouldn’t look good on your CV and you’d get into trouble with your mum.

Legal action may seem like the only sensible way forward. That’s where you can turn to “No Win No Fee” lawyers. Dodgy pavements are right up there with vibration whitefinger, asbestosis, hearing loss and many more health and safety lapses. No Win No Fee is what pulls big business to heel and gets public bodies dancing to your tune. Sadly, however, the lawyers often end up with most of the cash. But No Win No Fee means you can sue the council, so auntie Alice gets retribution and a bit of cold hard cash... But we elected the council in the first place, so maybe they should sue us... But you were brainwashed into voting for muppets you don’t even like by the mass media, but they were only following their parents... perhaps the subliminal messages in our morning cornflakes are really controlling us after all.

5. Evangelist/Fundamentalist – broken pavements are the devil’s work; your mission as a foot-soldier of God is to banish such evil. Yell “BEGONE, SATAN’S CRACK” at any manky bit of paving you pass and get the lawyers onto Lucifer.

4. Church of England - put it down to God’s mysterious ways and get auntie Alice a nice cup of hospital tea.

3. Pagan – Broken pavements are a sign the Earth Spirits want to be free. Do the naked dance of the holy sledgehammer before the ceremonial smashing of the concrete. Apparently earth gods are most active at around 4am, which also happens to be shift change for the local constabulary. Otherwise, keep a lawyer handy.

2. Atheist/Dawkins - Broken pavements are a random Darwinian process to weed out the genetically weak. If a pavement has defeated you then you might as well end it now and send your atoms back into the flotsam of this uncaring infinite universe.

1. Agnostic – sue everybody, just in case they are God.

Even if we don’t go as far as placing a writ on the Almighty, it might not always be clear who to sue. When Steve and Marjorie’s bonfire fun day ends with an unfortunate incident involving Tiddles the fluffy kitten, a bonfire, class 5b and lashings of BBQ sauce, it’s clear Steve and Marjorie will never run a fun day again. When a multinational chemical company kills thousands of people and leaves a poisonous wasteland of death, the company swaps round a few pieces of paper and by some dead-eyed corporate magic SHAZAM!!!! -disappears into thin air. Our worn-out old pavements are about to make that leap into corporate magic land.

Thanks to £600m of Private Finance Initiative (PFI) cash from the Government, Sheffield is to get shiny footpaths of the future. A PFI means the council promises to pay a private company in instalments to do the work, while the private company borrows money to do the work now (sometimes from the Government). The council then pays the private company over 30 years, having got the money to do this from the Government (who have probably borrowed it).

Got it?

The idea is that if the project goes belly up then it’s private money invested, not Government money. But so far when PFI projects have gone belly up, the PFI company swaps around a few pieces of paper and SHAZAM!!!! - they disappear and you’ve got no roads. The main reason the Government of Gordon likes PFI is because they like having mates with moats, and PFI makes rich businessmen happy. The drawback for the rest of us is that doing up roads and buildings on the never never costs far more than paying cash and the PFI company has us over a barrel - £215 billion quid is tied up for the next generation and companies involved in road PFIs have so far made stacks of profit.

So some private company looks after our roads and we get less footpath deathtrap and more pedestrianised peace. But you still can’t relax because of those tonnes of motorised metal, some driven with the detached air of “who cares if I plough into you and your children, I’m tired, it’s Tuesday and I’m missing TV land”.

The greatest risk is to children under 12 years old. Around 300 kids die or get seriously injured in Sheffield each year. They have difficulty working out how fast cars are moving and are more interested in friends, games, crisps and clouds than ‘look left, look right’. We could keep our children inside, off the now pristine pavements, or we could ask the hunks of metal to drive a bit slower in built up areas. In Hull they’ve had speed limits of 20mph in many residential areas for nearly twenty years. Child fatalities and injuries have been halved. That’s less bloody chunks and more whole people running about, with limbs and lungs and everything. In South Yorkshire as well, 20mph zones have been found to be the most effective way of reducing traffic casualties. This might be a step in the right direction, but maybe we’d be best off recognising that roads, pavements and us just don’t get along. Maybe we need to rip it all up and start again.

Being a pedestrian is no challenge. No tons of rushing metal by your side, no shop sign obstacles, no jagged paving underfoot. Just miles of forest and woodland to roam around in. The tweeting of woodland birds. The scuffle of woodland creatures. The soft yell of auntie Alice falling over a tree root and landing in three inches of mud.

Visit fixmystreet.com or contact the council to sort out your pavement. To find a lawyer for auntie Alice, go to lawsociety.org.uk.

20splentyforus.org.uk is a national campaign for 20mph speed limits in residential areas and is getting active in Sheffield.

See Wikipedia for a good overview of PFI.

No-one wants to take responsibility for a poisonous wasteland of death, so donate at bhopal.org.



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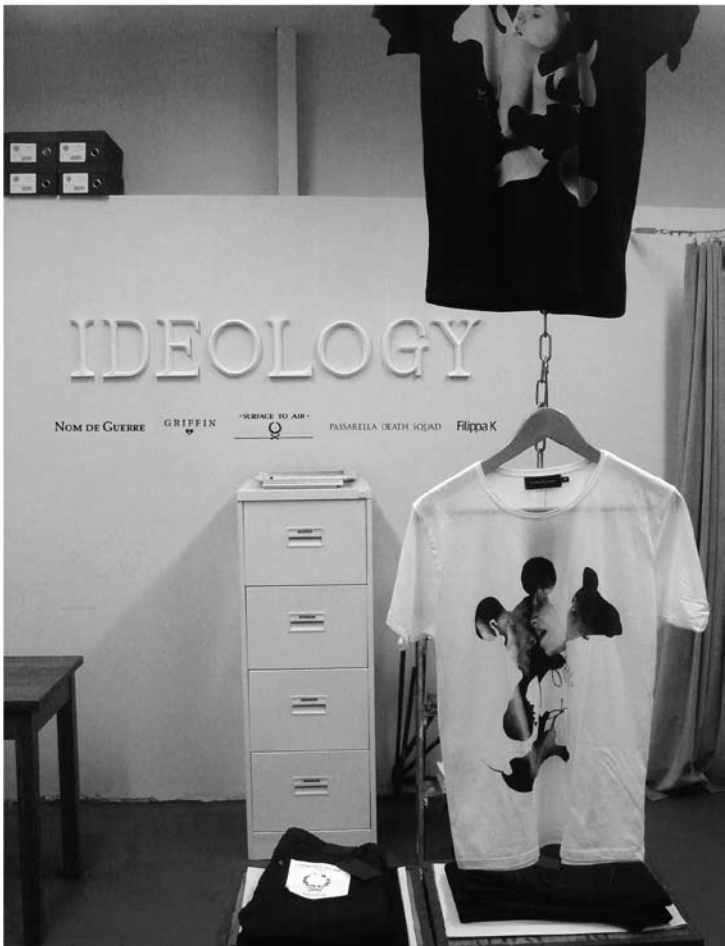
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- verb -
to wander about or act slowly and
without much purpose.

- noun -
I'm going for a mooch around the shops
(Also Moocher, a person who mooches).

"Come and mooch around our shop,
take your time and buy alot."
- Anon 2009 -

broomhill mooch.

gorgeous gifts | lovely things | fab cards

199 whittam road | broomhill



GETTING CRANKY.

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE AUTOMOBILISED.

FRED SHEPHERD.



So, it seems that the traditional image of the successful man sitting in his BMW in a traffic jam is fading fast, and the presence of a rapidly rising number of cyclists on Sheffield's roads can attest to this.

Still not convinced? This is for you:

Are you worried about cycling in Sheffield's busy traffic?

You, as a Sheffield resident, worker or student are entitled to a two hour one-to-one lesson with Sheffield's own cycle training cooperative, Pedal Ready. Learn how to manage the beast of the roads rather than let them bully you. Best of all, it's completely free thanks to Sheffield City Council. Just give them a shout and a very friendly instructor will meet you right at your door.

Is your bike looking a little tired?

Again Pedal Ready can help. SCC also funds a comprehensive programme all over the city called Dr Bike. Just find out when and where your nearest one is and they will give your bike the once over - again, completely free.

Need a bike?

Recycle Bikes in Heeley reclaim old bikes and whip a few up into shape for sale at their workshop. This means they are very reasonably priced and run like a dream thanks to their very experienced and also very friendly staff.

Want to clear space in the shed?

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How did the National Liberation Front of Vietnam dominate over 2.5 million US troops, 4,000 helicopters and 8 million tons of explosive and incendiary bombs?

It is not my intention to ignite rows over contentious historical claims within the pages of Now Then. However...

They were fighting guerrilla warfare from tunnels and jungles they knew well, amongst a population whose hackles had risen at the sight of the tall, crew-cut, galumphing invaders. But there is one feature of the NLF's armoury that beautifully illustrated their fluid, furtive and ultimately fruitful style of warfare.

The bicycle.

They could negotiate the jungle pathways of the Ho Chi Minh Trail with supplies, hidden and quiet. The American helicopters and B52s were big, expensive, cumbersome and ultimately useless. Is there a useful comparison for us here in Sheffield?

Just speak to your grandparents. So many people used to ride bikes on regular routes up until relatively recently. Somewhere during the drive for modernity we've all forgotten how to choose the best tool for the job. It's now a question of convenience, finding the easiest way.

They haven't forgotten in the cities of mainland Europe, though. Places like Amsterdam and Copenhagen have bounteous enthusiastic cyclists and government policies to match. Copenhagen created a comprehensive cycle track network as far back as the 60s. Now even the UK's own big smoke is cottoning on, with red buses and Hackney Carriages sharing the roads with fixies and retro racers. Cycling in the capital, it seems, is cool.

Never fear, though, because the cycling revolution is here in Sheffield too. I'm sure you've seen them weaving through the traffic. There're not all Lycra clad with bulging calves the size of Belgium, either.

There are loads of reasons to go by bike:

Save money.

This is fairly obvious. The running costs of a bicycle are minimal, aside from perhaps the odd inner tube, and compared to petrol or a bus pass, you'll be laughing.

Keep fit.

It has been noted in articles other than this that exercise, such as is attained whilst cycling, will help to maintain a healthy body.

Reduce road congestion.

This in turn makes Sheffield's roads safer, not only for cyclists but for pedestrians too.

Reduce your environmental impact.

This is the elephant on the bypass. I was told by a knowledgeable sounding man in the pub the other day that the earth is getting a little warmer. Apparently cycling instead of driving can help.

J'ACCUSE SHEF FORUM.

The ups and downs of our popular web forum.

JOHN PETERSON.

WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER I READ A BOOK ABOUT A PHILOSOPHY OF SORTS, WHICH DISCUSSED THE DUALITY OF THINGS. THE AUTHOR USED THE EXAMPLES OF ELECTRICITY AND NUCLEAR POWER.

As a power source both of these provide comforts and facilities of great benefits to society. However, the authors also highlighted the down side to both these forces – electricity in nature (or on the 500v DC third rail on the underground) is frightening if one comes into personal contact with it.

Similarly, nuclear power has its mushroom-shaped, armageddon-bringing dark side.

I feel the same way about the Sheffield Forum website. When Geoff Bowen embarked on this venture in late 2002, he envisioned it as a force for good, a medium through which citizens could share information and make connections. Indeed, it has been proven thus; for example, Richard Hawley's 2005 album Coles Corner acknowledged the forum as the source of its quotes from locals reminiscing about the eponymous city centre meeting place. Furthermore, numerous locals have promoted events, sold goods, made friends and found out about the latest news through this medium.

Sheffield Forum is incredibly popular. The owners suggest that it has more readers than the websites of the traditional media in the region. However, unlike the established media, there isn't a pervasive quality control regarding the material that finds its way onto the pages of this site. The administrators do not monitor posts so anyone can post anything. A button exists to allow users to report "offensive" material to the moderators, but the nature of any subsequent action is not specified.

Thus, like the nuclear-power example above, there are less desirable outcomes of this particular innovation. For example, conjecture uttered as fact seems to find its way onto the pages of SF with remarkable frequency with the potential to unfairly affect businesses, property prices in areas being denigrated and all kinds of social relations. On this point there are also a huge number of postings regarding issues of race and multiculturalism. Many of these take a highly negative view and are dressed up in that much-loved Yorkshire idiom of 'plain speaking'. Some are obviously active campaigns for far right groups such as the BNP; others are the genuinely held (if sometimes ill-thought-out) opinions of forum users.

Borrowing from the theory of Social Constructionism, the large number of postings of this nature has created a very rightwing Sheffield Forum, one which creates the impression (for regular readers) that non-whites are a source of trouble and negativity in the community. Furthermore, Muslim or other minorities who use the forum regularly may feel that the views expressed on the forum are held by the majority of the white population and may react accordingly. This may become increasingly problematic if the effect of all of this is taken out of cyberspace and into everyday life.

Sheffield has a deserved reputation for being a friendly city, and when I first visited in 2002 I felt this keenly. The concern is that – using a complexity theory metaphor – the regularity with which such negative views are being expressed on Sheffield Forum is creating a fractal of intolerance and this may ultimately emerge and erode the very special nature of the city which I have been proud to call home for the last seven years. Sheffield Forum has become popular and therefore powerful. With power comes responsibility; complexity theory advocates shaping the 'phrase space' to help create the culture (or other outcomes) that are to be desired. In lay terms, unless the owners and managers of Sheffield Forum wish to contribute to a fractured, paranoid and dangerous city in a decade or so, they may wish to do more to help shape the discourse to more positive ends.

John Peterson is a Psychologist, DJ and Information Technologist. He has also been active in the publishing industry.

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ASTRONOMY.

SPACE IS BIG. REALLY BIG.

SARA HILL.

THIS YEAR, AS I'M SURE YOU ALL KNOW, IS THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF ASTRONOMY. THE IYA2009, AS IT IS SNAPPILY TERMED, IS AN INITIATIVE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASTRONOMICAL UNION AND UNESCO. ITS AIM IS TO "HELP THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD REDISCOVER THEIR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE THROUGH THE DAY AND NIGHT SKY AND THEREBY ENGAGE A PERSONAL SENSE OF WONDER AND DISCOVERY" ([HTTP://WWW.IAU.ORG/PUBLIC_PRESS/IYA](http://www.iau.org/public_press/iy)).

Lofty aims indeed, particularly for a subject often considered to make people feel tiny and insignificant. Not the nicest picture of our place in the universe, but I agree with them, which is not something I normally say being a lover of a good argument, but it can have the opposite effect.

Yes, as Douglas Adams told us, space is big. Really big. You just won't believe how vastly, hugely, mindbogglingly big it is. Space big; person small. This is true, but small does not mean insignificant. We are amazing by the very fact of our existence.

The current estimate for the number of planets in our Milky Way is in the trillions, and that is one galaxy. The current estimate for the number of galaxies in our universe is at least one hundred billion, each with trillions of planets. Methods for calculating how many of these planets could support life are controversial at best, but it is a small percentage. Our planet is Baby Bear's porridge: not too hot or too cold, not too sweet or too salty, but just right, otherwise we wouldn't be here to discuss how conveniently just right it is. Divine intervention? Some would say yes. Others would say, given the sheer number of planets, the required conditions for life are bound to occur. That's just mathematics, but it still does not detract from how special we humans are. Indeed, it is mathematics that confirms that for us. Wherever you plant your flag on that one, the existence of human beings is remarkable.

If the chances of human life occurring at all are infinitesimal, then factor in the chances of each of us as individuals appearing exactly as we are, where we are, reading this magazine, right now, and the odds would be utterly preposterous. Yet here we are. Never mind "Of all the gin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, she walks into mine", how about "Of all the planets, round all the stars, in all the galaxies, in all the universe, she evolves on mine"? The universe can remind us of just how incredible we all are, in the very literal sense of the word.

The act of star-gazing itself is something that unites people despite gender, ethnicity, culture and time. Throughout the history of our species we have wondered about the stars: the earliest recorded supernova (the explosive death of an elderly star) was recorded in 185 AD by Chinese astronomers, who referred to it as 'guest star', until it faded from view.

Of course, most of us these days don't believe the movements of the stars and planets indicate the workings of ancient spirits and gods (well, apart from Russell Grant but we won't go there - my mother always told me not to mock the afflicted). Still we remain fascinated by the universe. When Pluto was downgraded to a Plutoid, a type of dwarf planet, not only did it hit the headlines, but it sparked campaigns to restore its status, such is the affection for it in people's minds. There are bumper stickers declaring "Honk if Pluto is Still a Planet". I kid you not - people pay for them.

For those confused by Pluto's demotion: it has been determined that there are hundreds of dwarf planets in our solar system, its asteroid belt and the Kuiper belt (the bit past Neptune where Pluto is - hang a left at the Uranus Tesco Metro). So, on a very practical note, how ridiculous would it be to have hundreds of planets in the solar system? Kids in schools everywhere would have nervous breakdowns trying to memorise a mnemonic for 300 planets.

For clarity, a Plutoid is pretty much just a dwarf planet that's in the Kuiper belt. The eight planets (rock and gas) are all distinctly different from the dwarfs (smaller bits of rock) and Pluto is not even the largest of these. That honour falls to Eris. Big Dwarf? So, not a planet. Moving swiftly on - before someone makes a placard...

As well as being the IYA2009, this year is also the 75th anniversary for the Sheffield Astronomical Society or 'SAS' (they're lovely people, just don't get into a fight over Pluto's Plutoid status - they'll win). With a wealth of friendly experience and knowledge, they offer a great and gentle introduction to astronomy for anyone interested. The SAS hold astronomy events at Mayfield Environmental Education Centre including beginners' night talks and observation evenings - Star Nights - where you can get involved and see the sights with no experience necessary. As part of the IYA2009, the Star Nights events are free of charge till the end of the year.

Organised evenings or investing in expensive equipment are not the only ways to get intimate with the universe, particularly in our fair city. Light pollution is the bane of astronomers everywhere but with the glory that is the Peaks on our doorstep we can escape it easily. Outside the city the sky looks very different, with many more planets and constellations visible to the naked eye, especially those naked eyes relaxing on blankets with friends and a flask of your fancy nearby. Or so I'm told. There are some beautiful skies to take in and printable star maps are available to download free from skymaps.com - amaze your friends, family and that special someone with your incredible knowledge of constellations.

Beginners' Evenings: 7:30pm - £3 entry.
26th Oct / 23rd Nov / 14th Dec

Star Nights: 7:30pm - Free entry.
17th & 24th Oct / 7th & 21st Nov/
5th & 12th Dec - Peak of the Geminid meteor shower

All events at:
Mayfield Environmental Education Centre,
David Lane, Fulwood.

Hubble Telescope Images:
hubblesite.org/gallery

BBC news - Scientists Estimate 30 Billion Earths:
news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/sci/tech/2078507.stm.

UNESCO: unesco.org.

International Astronomical Union: iau.org.

A LETTER TO SHEFFIELD.

A HOMAGE TO GONZO.

THOMAS HOLME.

To whom it may concern,

Life is a strange beast and not one to be taken lightly when you have your back to the wall and The Bastards are closing in. I've been living on the South Coast of England for the past six years, in the grand city of Brighton and the troubled town of Worthing, to be precise. Brighton has two distinct sides to it.

Side A is filled with colourful buildings, good music, parties and friendly people. Some of them seem to have that glint in their eyes that instantly conveys their wise feelings toward everything around them.

Now side B, well side B is filled with pretension and a slick air of greasy smugness that is hard to perceive until you've lived in its sloppy mist for a long old while. Artsy specimens that would felch their own Mother if it meant they could look to others as a cultured individual roam the streets in hoards as if possessed by some demon of vanity, snobbery &/or plain stupidity. Worthing on the other hand, well, Worthing is Worthing, and that's about it. Jimmy Hendrix famously called it a ghost town and I think he was spot on; it consists of nothing more than families, old people and a large collective of chavs.

Four months ago I suffered a more than messy split with the girl I loved, got made redundant and lost my house; all within a single month. After extensive talks with my legal advisor he advised a simple remedy: take many deep breaths of the medicinal air up in the green pastures of the North of England. "It will toughen your skin and make you a stronger man," he said to me in an official tone.

I thought about his suggestion and at first brushed it off as whimsy, but before long, a strenuous string of events led me to a conclusion I could not avoid. I was facing The Fear in its fiery sadistic eyes; it snarled its bloodied teeth and the vultures all watched with a look of disdain and amusement painted on their disgusting, ravenous beaks.

As is standard in these situations I stood my ground and waited for the dust to settle before I made any further decisions. Never, ever, turn your back on The Fear; it'll set the dogs on you the moment it gets the chance and it feels no remorse. Before you know it you'll be nothing more than a rotting meat bag wilting in the desert sun.

With no job to come to, sixty five pounds in my pocket and nothing more than a dusty cat tray of a house to live in, I did it, for better or worse, I moved to South Yorkshire. That was two weeks ago.

In regards to finding something to cling onto and forge some form of roots, I have been lucky so far. However, I realised yesterday that some of my actions in the past week have been, well, ugly as sin; sleazy and revolting to even the most hardened of 'wrongens' co-existing in this scurrilous rip-tide we call life. I cannot apologise to those who got caught up in this small chain of low-brow events as I live a life of no regret. The best I can do is to explain and hope they can find it in their hearts to forgive a joker who is trying to find his way. I have been caught up indulging in my own harsh feelings about recent events and attempting, without thinking, to mask the pain by acting out of character. Upon realising my devious intentions I have taken it upon myself to be the man I know myself to be and not the disaster zone of a sleazebag &/or douche bag I have exposed you to, Sheffield.

...Things are looking up, Sheffield. I feel like a man reborn with no belongings, the wind bristling through his hair, standing at the tip of some bizarre, ancient, monumental iceberg; within it lays a long forgotten, frozen ice beast that is, due to global warming, soon to thaw and eventually awaken. I'll be its best friend or it'll devour me in an orgy of blood, guts and bone.

Either way I would have done it - jumped into the deep end of life and hoped for the best with what little swimming experience I had.

In closing, I would like to thank you, Sheffield, for being there for me and toughening me up without breaking me down. For this I am eternally grateful. Write back soon, I never tire of your bountiful wisdom and 'spit in the wind' attitude,

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MATTHEW DALEY.

ILLUSTRATIVE PROPAGANDA MERCHANT SPEAKS TO JONES.

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MATTHEW DALEY IS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHOSE WORK I'VE FOLLOWED FOR YEARS. STEEPED IN THE D.I.Y. AND PUNK SCENE, GEMS OF ALBUM COVERS DONE BY THIS GENT HAVE ALWAYS JUMPED OUT AT ME, PRIZE POSSESSIONS THAT GET AS MUCH ATTENTION AS THE MUSIC ON THEM.

The thing I derive most from his work is the fact that whilst retaining a dry, sarcastic and often quite dark subtext to his work, his imagery remains bright, accessible and in the product sense at least, incredibly commerical (no insult intended mate!)

Managing to keep an identifiable style whilst also making money from it is an enviable skill, and I think Mr. Daley accomplishes this with his fine eye for bringing the 'real' into his illustration. In every element that constructs an image of his, you can see its origins, from rough marker, paintbrush with subtle and simple textures.

With more and more computer driven work depicting life in perfect exact detail, it becomes pointless, overdone. It isn't about photorealism - it's not about having flawless airbrush-like can control - frankly I've seen 2Pac's face enough - I get the skill involved, just not the guts. The art that punches me in the stomach is simple stuff, well made by someone who cares about their work, with the imperfections and glitches that make it clear that the piece is hand-done.

BASICS, PLEASE... WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

It was one of those things I did to pass the time as a kid, having a hyperactive imagination and all that. My mom's cousin was an artist as well, so he definitely rubbed off on me. Whatever my kid mind was obsessed with at the time were my usual subjects, so I went from hockey goalies, to racing cars, to Transformers, to pro wrestlers and eventually Iron Maiden covers as I became engrossed with metal and Eddie. I really became serious about drawing and illustration as I entered my teens and became a devout comic collector and the more I read, the more I wanted to be an artist.

CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

First a lot of fretting since every few months I'm convinced I've completely run out of ideas. Then a combination of doodling, researching and looking at how some of my influences might do something. It's pretty much a mess and the thing I drag my heels on the most.

NT. WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION FROM?

A good night's sleep, fresh coffee and silence.

NT. TOOLS. WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

I use inks and stamps on textured paper, found objects, like screws and cardboard and other natural textures. It's all pieced together in Adobe Illustrator, which is a program I love very much, except when it's being slow or crashes. Bring on the hatred then...



NT. WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

Certainly music and different movies, both of the animated variety and not. Musically, a lot of the punk and metal bands I grew up on as well as bands like the Residents or Devo who had a great visual element and concepts to go along with the oddball music. Graphic design and typography from the last 100 years has also been a huge influence in my recent history.

NT. HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

I drink coffee by the litre, talk to my cat and blast music (thereby negating my inspiring silence mentioned above). I waste a bit too much time on the web, so I have to learn to counter that. Occasionally I'll use that time wasting productively, usually when I'm answering my emails or updating my site and blog. I also read a tonne of comics I've taken out from the library and obsessively do crosswords. A brisk walk or a visit to the gym breaks things up nicely when I tear myself away from my office.

NT. OUT OF YOUR RECENT WORK, WHICH PIECE HAVE YOU ENJOYED MAKING THE MOST?

'A Bot in the Belly', which I created for a robot themed art show. I do a piece every few years that I really love and this one was it.

NT. HOW HAS YOUR ART EVOLVED OVER TIME?

The use of the computer is probably the most obvious. My style's gotten a lot simpler as I've absorbed different influences than from when I started out.

NT. HOW HAS ART IN GENERAL CHANGED SINCE YOU STARTED?

Once again the ubiquity of the computer as both a primary tool and means of delivery for illustration.

NT. WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

As I write this a couple of magazine pieces, the latest installments of my Mr. Monitor strips and two posters for a pair of Devo shows that are happening in Toronto in late November. That I'm very stoked about and scared of at the same time.

NT. ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY FROM YOUR ART? DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

Oh man, I really wish I had the answer to that, even as a so-called 'working' artist. I guess I'd say, when it comes to working for a client, try to put your pretensions aside and accept the fact that you're providing a service. It's not the easiest thing to do, given how clueless some people can be, but it's either this, starving or working some sort of job that either crushes you or cuts into the time you could be creating.

There's no shame in making money from your art and when you look at it, it's one of the best jobs in the world and a hell of a lot of fun. I have to remind myself of that fact quite often and it keeps me going.

NT. WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

Largely the idea of art being organized into scenes and cliques. Not to mention the need for the personality behind the art to be more important than the work is pretty obnoxious and the fact that there are now 'art stars' lording over things offends me. Professionalism and a work ethic has taken a back seat to being at all the right parties and in all the right magazines. I sound like a grouchy old man, sorry...

NT. WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

A sense of humour and a the feeling that the creator of whatever it was actually enjoyed what they were doing.

NT. GOOD ADVICE YOU WISH YOU'D BE TOLD EARLIER?

Don't let the bastards get you down...



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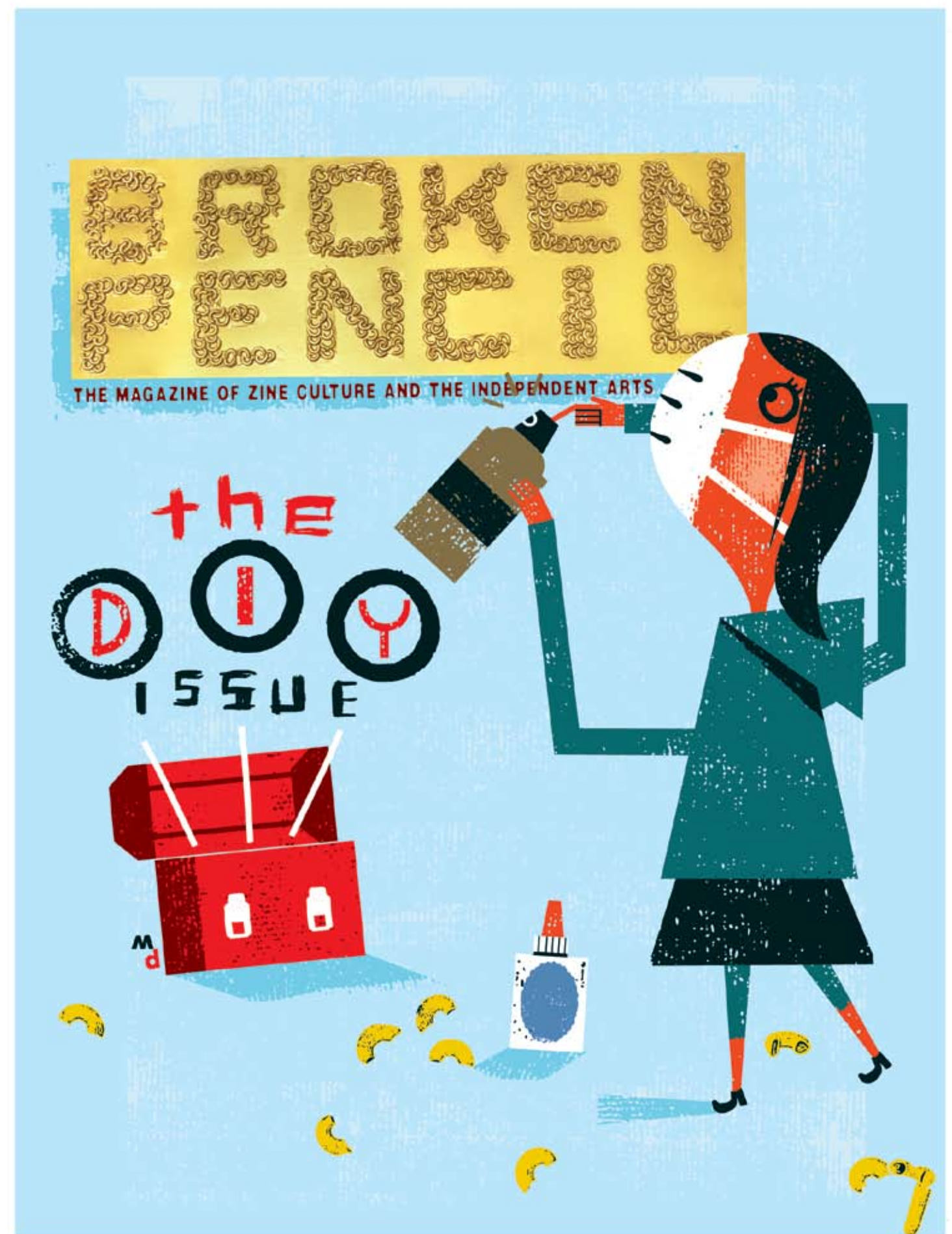
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3rd Friday of the Month

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1st Friday of the Month

Bigger Than Barry is a morbidly obese rave up that even ya nan will not miss. Its BIG, its FAT & its HEAVY, we shit you not!! Music is a sexy mix of garage// grime// baseline// b:more // electro// 2-step// dubstep// big step// dutty step//



2nd Friday of the Month

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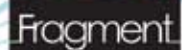
1st Saturday of the Month Upstairs

Wokk is Bmore// Fidget// Ghetto// 2Step// 8bit// Breaks// TechnoTechnoTechno. Do you often find yourself with a hinkering for some fidgety/jacking/bassline wobbliness? Good good, because every 1st Saturday of the month, Wokk will be stinking out Upstairs DQ.



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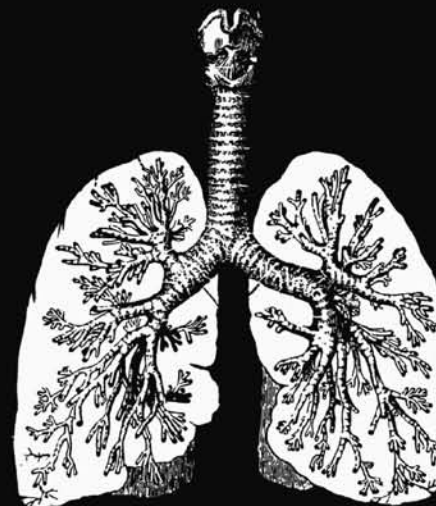


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MICK FLANNERY

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Volcanoes
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MON 12TH OCT
example

WED 14TH OCT - THE GIG CARTEL PRESENTS...
THE CHAPMAN FAMILY

SAT 17TH OCT - THE GIG CARTEL PRESENTS...
THE STORNOWAY

TUES 20TH OCT - DIRTY BINGO VS LOUD AND QUIET
CROCODILES
THE HIPSHAKES + SPECTRALS

FRI 23RD OCT
INDIGO GIRLS

SAT 24TH OCT - PLUG SOUNDCLASH PRESENTS...
avangaad
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WED 28TH OCT
THE HOLLOWAYS

SAT 31ST OCT
CENTURY KIDS
SUPERNOVA BANDITS + FALSE SENSE + CHATFIELD + THE MATADORS

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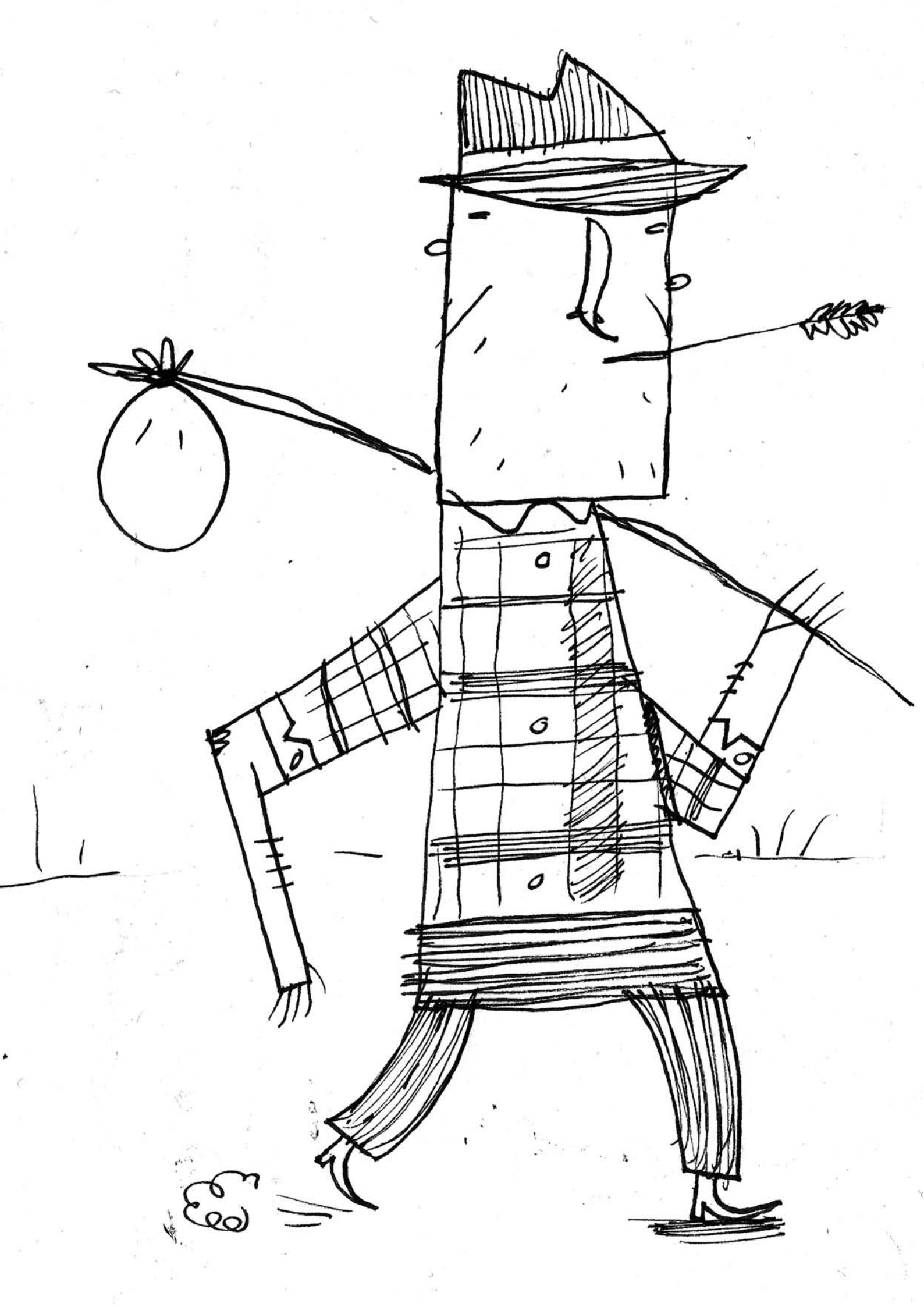
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SOUNDCLOUD.

WIDGETS GALORE.

SAM WALBY.

OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS MYSPACE HAS GOT A BIT BLOATED. I SUPPOSE HAVING 100 MILLION+ USERS DOESN'T MAKE FOR A SMOOTH OPERATION. INDIVIDUALS STARTED LOSING INTEREST WITH THE ADVENT OF SECOND GENERATION SOCIAL NETWORKS LIKE FACEBOOK AND TWITTER, AND NOW MUSICIANS AND LABELS ARE OPTING IN THEIR DROVES FOR BETTER SERVICES THAT DON'T SLOW YOUR COMPUTER TO A CRAWL AND ASSAULT YOU WITH ADVERTS.

SoundCloud went live last year and has been going from strength to strength ever since. Unlike Myspace, it allows users to upload audio files of any size and format, making the transmission of full quality music quick and easy. It is this that has made it so popular with labels and promotion companies looking to share music with a select group of people or the public at large.

The potential for streaming and web widgets is the most attractive part of SoundCloud. It has already become the streaming music host of choice for a number of bloggers, while remix projects by Röyksopp and the Dandy Warhols have boosted its profile of late. Widgets can be made for single tracks or playlists and feature a sexy waveform image and a download button where applicable. Users can comment on specific parts of tracks and send audio to each other using the site's DropBox system, making it perfect for budding producers looking for feedback on their tunes. You can also keep an eye on your favourite producer or label by following them in a similar way to Twitter.

Here's my favourite bit: there are no adverts. Free users can upload five tracks per month and use most of the basic features, but a pro account is needed to unlock the site's complete functionality and this is the main source of its revenue. For most people a free account will probably do, but £7 a month will get you 15 uploads per month and unlimited basic DropBox usage.

SoundCloud recently came second in the Guardian's top 100 tech media companies, losing out only to ticket exchange website SeatWave, and is already spawning other interesting projects:

The FiRe application for Apple's iPhone lets you make field recordings on the move and save them straight to your SoundCloud profile.

The SoundCloud Facebook app puts a DropBox and music player widget on a Facebook profile.

Citysounds.fm streams music via SoundCloud and categorises it according to the city it came from. You can listen to the latest tracks from a specific city or click the random button for some interesting results.

Unsurprisingly, the most popular genre at Citysounds.fm/Sheffield is bassline...

NEIL MCSWEENEY & THE GENTS.
OLD LOST JOHN.
RICHARD MASTERS.

8TH SEPTEMBER.

THE GRAPES, TRIPPET LANE.
REVIEWER - ED WOOLLEY.

I’M STARING BEMUSEDLY AT PICTURES OF INTERNAL ORGANS HANGING FROM THE WALL IN THE INTIMATE TOP ROOM OF THE GRAPES WHEN THE FIRST ACT RICHARD MASTERS COMES ON. RICHARD’S MUSIC EXUDES A SENSE OF ENGLISHNESS AND HIS ENGAGING STORIES BETWEEN SONGS CREATE A HOMELY ATMOSPHERE.

Old Lost John quietly takes to the stage, announcing he has made the journey from Sweden. His understated vocal delivery and poetic, narrative lyrics redolent of Bonny Prince Billy bewitch an engaged audience. Unsurprisingly, his thanks for an attentive crowd are greeted by the shout “you deserve it”. I thoroughly agree.

Seeing Neil McSweeney and the Gents tonight provides a tantalising glimpse of material from their forthcoming second album. The band set-up brings out the range of the new material – swelling atmospheric mix with country-tinged ballads and anthemic sing-a-longs. ‘Time’ particularly stands out from previous work, a brash slinky rocker with a massive riff at its core.

The gig is a lovely laid-back warm-up for October’s album release at the Plug. The band exchanges self-deprecating banter and chat with the audience between songs, but when they do strike up they play with magnificent verve. The arrangements have a real sense of place, knowing when to let the song breath and when to ramp up the intensity. By the end of the set I’m smiling ear to ear. Gigs like this are why you struggle out during that work-induced midweek malaise. They elevate you to a better place.

WARP 20.

19TH SEPTEMBER.

MAGNA, MUSEUM OF INDUSTRY.
REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.

WARP RECORDS MARKED THEIR 20TH BIRTHDAY IN UNIQUE STYLE IN MID-SEPTEMBER, TAKING OVER MAGNA TO PROVIDE AN APPROPRIATE VENUE IN WHICH TO CELEBRATE A LABEL WHOSE EARLY SOUND WAS INEXTRICABLY LINKED TO THE INDUSTRIAL NORTH. THE BILL PROVIDED A CROSS SECTION OF WARP TALENT FROM THE PAST 20 YEARS.

Due to transport issues Now Then missed Harmonic 313’s set at Magna but we did catch him playing a set in the Warp shop, getting an intimate demonstration of his unique brand of dubstep that made up for missing his later set. Hudson Mohawke mixed up the wonky emotronics that made his name with some promising new material that sounded seriously accomplished for someone so young.

Nightmares on Wax were up next and provided a nostalgic set of classics. Though the tunes have aged less well than other early Warp releases, they still have the ability to captivate and had the venue heaving by the end of their set. Squarepusher followed, drawing a set from his archives that improved on his recent live performances. His insatiable appetite for self-referential indulgence seemed to tire the crowd after a while, though, and the smoking area was noticeably busier before Clark commenced the standout set of the evening.

Beginning with broken beats and samples, his live set gradually slipped into throbbing techno with the occasional stuttering amen thrown in for good measure and a shed load of captivating melodies. Andrew Weatherall followed with a more regular but still cutting edge techno set that provided the continuity of energy required by most attendees at 4.30 before Forgemasters took to the decks to finish things off.

An accomplished set of bleep and some more techno had an industrial twist that was appropriate to the setting. ‘The Track With No Name’, Warp’s first ever release, still sounded cutting edge 20 years on. A fitting end to a night that demonstrated the innovation that has kept Warp at the forefront of electronic music for two decades.

EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY.

7TH SEPTEMBER.

THE LEADMILL.
REVIEWER - SAM WALBY.

A SOLD OUT GIG SAW POST ROCKER’S DREAM EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY HIT THE LEADMILL.

Support came from Scot synth rockers North Atlantic Oscillation, who combine off kilter drumming with guitars and keyboards to somewhat mediocre effect.

Generally speaking, the band could experiment with rougher, less resolved singing to match their raw sound. For example, the odd meter of ‘Some Blue Hive’ gives the track an interesting limp, but sometimes the harmonised vocals get a bit too flowery and the backing music calls for something a bit more rough around the edges.

To their credit, North Atlantic Oscillation are technically a strong live band, but some of the ideas feel undercooked and slap dash. Imagine the Secret Machines without the drive or the Flaming Lips trying to show off.

Although visibly exhausted and looking slightly like they are on auto-pilot, Explosions in the Sky are still able to deliver the kind of set that makes indie kids in stripy jumpers weep in ecstasy – not that you could tell since everyone in the crowd is more or less stationary.

The Texan four-piece kick things off with ‘The Birth and Death of the Day’, a charismatic opener wrapped in crunch guitar and driven by a four-on-the-floor pulse. The delayed drop hits hard, held together by some absolutely inhuman drumming and three meandering guitars. Soon after comes ‘Greet Death’, a (relative) oldie sandwiched among newer tracks from The Earth is Not a Cold Dead Place and All of a Sudden I Miss Everyone, like the majestic ‘Memorial’ and the soaring ‘Welcome, Ghosts’.

Perhaps not touching on perfection like previous Explosions gigs I have attended, but still as pristine and jaw dropping as a band that recently celebrated its tenth anniversary should sound.

MAX TUNDRA.
FINDO GASK.

6TH SEPTEMBER.

THE HARLEY, GLOSSOP ROAD.
REVIEWER - ALEX TURNER.

SHAME THE HARLEY’S MINI-FEST 2 POOR 2 PITCH TAKES PLACE IN A STUDE-LESS VACUUM.

A decent, thoughtful line-up draws only respectable crowds compared to what it may’ve got a month down the track. Undeterred by the lukewarm vibe, Glasgow’s Findo Gask bound on stage Sunday night packing numerous meaty synth riffs and one extreme bowlcut. Switching instruments with abandon, they segue skilfully between jaunty indie-pop, lush soundwashes and disco heat. Some handclaps and a trumpet are looped, singer Gerard advancing into the crowd wielding a cowbell as the band produce a fat groove and some sweet harmonies.

Coming on like an unholy experiment to genetically blend Prince, Squarepusher, Pete Sampras and George Dawes, Domino’s Max Tundra tops things off. An array of real and toy instruments are deployed with demented zeal. His sound is hellishly busy, but there’s no disputing the hot pop tunes and pure insane talent being funnelled. A drumstick conducts the floor before Tundra declares “y’all can shake a leg to this one” and drops his ludicrous cover of the KLF’s ‘What Time Is Love’.

An enjoyable lesson in how to tire people out.

FUCK BUTTONS.
ZUN ZUN EGUI.
FOREST CREATURE.

18TH SEPTEMBER.

THE CORPORATION.
REVIEWER - ADAM BEARD.

FOR REASONS TOO DULL TO DIVULGE, TONIGHT IS DUE TO BE MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH FOREST CREATURE. AND FOR DULLER REASONS YET, 95% OF THEIR SET WAS HEARD THROUGH THE STIFLING POST-INDUSTRIAL CONCRETE FLOORING OF CORPORATION.

Zun Zun Egui were one of many pleasant surprises for the writer at this year’s Green Man Festival. Egui’s blend of tribal musings is immediately absorbing. Main singer/guitarist Kush’s six-string dexterity is a perfect counterpoint to the various primal yelps and barks of his vocal delivery, the whole thing underpinned by drummer Matthew’s performance. There’s a humour and a balance to it that pitches up just right. Recommended.

And so to Fuck Buttons. Touring sophomore album Tarot Sport, we’re treated to pretty much a 50/50 mix of old and new alike. Though the set loses a little momentum towards the end, this is more to do with a lack of familiarity with the material than the material itself. The likes of ‘Bright Tomorrow’ remind the crowd why they’re so special and new single ‘Surf Solar’ proves the perfect introduction to their latest LP.



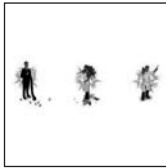
REVIEWS.

TYONDAI JACKSON. KATZEN.

ANTIPOP CONSORTIUM. OSSO. FALTY DL.

TYONDAI BRAXTON. CENTRAL MARKET.

WARP.
REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.



CENTRAL MARKET IS THE CULMINATION OF SEVERAL YEARS OF COMPOSITION BY BATTLES FRONTMAN TYONDAI BRAXTON, FINALLY REALISED IN THIS COLLABORATION WITH NEW YORK'S WORDLESS MUSIC ORCHESTRA.

No one could criticise Braxton as a man afraid to experiment, and on this record his thirst for such things can be seen in abundance, with complex interplays between samples, guitar loops, whistles and kazoos all woven into an orchestral backing. This leads to **Central Market** being an album that demands multiple listens, as the alien sonic textures that dominate cloud the rest of the writing on initial encounters.

However, as you get past the original loony tunes timbre of much of the music, you realise the incredible intricacy of Braxton's project. In the first tracks - 'Opening Bell', 'Uffe's Workshop' and 'The Duck And The Butcher' - there is a brash, sci-fi film score atmosphere mildly reminiscent of Copeland, with playful melodies punctuated by bombastic stabs of brass and orchestral percussion, the latter of the three being especially bizarre with the aforementioned kazoo taking the lead. The album meets its climax with 'Platinum Rows', which vaguely resembles Stravinsky's 'Rites Of Spring' with its rushing string lines and regular jumps in pace and dynamics. However, the comparison ends when it comes to the area of subtlety, Braxton making even Beethoven and Wagner look like pussycats for a great deal of the composition.

Despite being a drone piece, 'The Unfurling' is probably the strongest piece on the album, as it is when Braxton displays the greatest subtlety, descending discordant chords in the strings creating an eerie tension over a harsh electronic ambience. The last tracks sound like relics from his previous loop-based project and, though interesting, seem strangely out of place.

This is far more accomplished an effort than most rock musicians' stabs at orchestral music and is worth a listen, but the brashness of Braxton's rock carries over onto this record and ultimately spoils the project for me.

KATSEN. IT HERTZ.

THEE SHEFFIELD PHONOGRAPHIC CORPORATION.
REVIEWER - ALEX TURNER.



THE PRESS ACCOMPANYING THE RELEASE OF KATSEN'S DEBUT LONGPLAYER IT HERTZ STATES THAT THE BOY-GIRL CASIO-DISCO DUO MET "SELLING CLOTHES AT A CRAFT MARKET IN BRIGHTON". INDIE AS YOU LIKE.

Now imagine putting the record on the sound system of said market - customers with a low synth-irritation threshold run screaming for the nearest charity shop and build a fallout shelter from unwanted Paul Weller albums, while our cute heroes perform a little victory dance. Unfortunately by the third track in, a limp cover of the Pixies' 'Cactus', even those of us with a strong electronic yen may be leaping for the exits. Which on balance would be a shame.

It's over ten years since assorted necrophiles ranging from DJ Hell to Bis abducted the corpse of electropop with a horny gleam in their collective eyes and the damn thing still shows little indication of getting back in the grave. A decade of hard action has unsurprisingly worn styles rather thin, and with the likes of Fever Ray crazily pushing the envelope, newcomers really better bring something fresh to the party. 'Let's Build A City' kicks things off in a pleasingly frantic style with its rising air of 8-bit panic, and the chillier 'Chequered Flag' follows, sounding a little like Petit Mal assaulting first-edition Cure, but in a good way. Sadly from here we're tangling with the aforementioned 'Cactus', exchanging the original's skeletal guitars and unwholesome desire for stripped beats and too-thin vocals. Strictly b-side, and followed up by several more undercooked joints. Expectations lowered, the one-two hit of the strident 'Drax' and lovely 'German Film Star' comes as a pleasant shock, and the rest of the album keeps hitting the sweet spots through to the close. Annoyingly uneven and a tad derivative, then, but a definite points victory.

ANTIPOP CONSORTIUM. FLOURESCENT BLACK.

BIG DADA.
REVIEWER - MARC JEROME.



SHORTLY AFTER THE RELEASE OF ARRYTHMIA IN 2002, ANTI-POP CONSORTIUM DISBANDED DUE TO CREATIVE DIFFERENCES. LUCKILY FOR US, HOWEVER, THE CREW CONSISTING OF BEANS, HIGH PRIEST, M. SAYYID AND EARL BLAIZE HAVE REUNITED IN THE STUDIO AND ARE SOON TO RELEASE THEIR FOURTH OPUS, **FLUORESCENT BLACK**.

The record begins with a raucous explosion of drums and distorted guitar that grabs your attention and hints that what you are about to hear may well be worth listening to, and it does not disappoint. APC are well known for their innovative exploration of hip-hop and this record signifies a real creative progression. Despite their years apart, the group maintains many of their characteristic traits: the beats are glitchy and electrical, the vocals are varied and infused with dynamism, and the lyrical style continues to be poetry with a firm hip-hop sensibility. All of this AND a guest spot by UK hip-hop luvvy Roots Manuva. What more could you want?

Fluorescent Black is set to be released on September 29th on Big Dada. APC are currently touring Europe so if you fancy making a pilgrimage down south you can catch them in London on November 5th. I'll see you there.



OSSO. RUN RABBIT RUN.

ASTHMATIC KITTY RECORDS.
REVIEWER - LAMBERTUS PRENT.



RUN RABBIT RUN IS A REWORKING OF SUFJAN STEVENS' ELECTRONIC ALBUM ENJOY YOUR RABBIT BY OSSO, A STRING QUARTET BASED IN NEW YORK AND BERLIN.

The original album is awash with bleeps, glitches and crackles, a fact that must have made this project a daunting one for the quartet. The arrangements were devised democratically by a group of acclaimed composers - some of whom have worked with people like Björk and Phillip Glass - and it shows.

The textures Oso manage to create are striking, sometimes allowing you to forget that there are only four of them and they only have traditional instruments at their disposal. Their dynamic approach to the songs brings elements you might never have noticed to the forefront with great clarity, but the inherent limitations of unaccompanied strings are always lurking in the background.

Glimpses of earnest and beautiful music are often not dwelled on for long enough, at times making this reworking a frustrating listen. Inevitably, considering the modern source material, **Run Rabbit Run** ends up verging on avant-garde indulgence, but the virtuosity of the performance pulls it back from the edge. Even then, however, the album is by necessity a bit samey, meaning it might not appeal to people unacquainted with Sufjan Stevens' back catalogue.

Ironically, some beats would make this album spring to life.

FALTY DL. BRAVERY.

PLANET MU.
REVIEWER - SEAN ADAMS.



JUST THREE MONTHS AFTER HIS FIRST RELEASE, LOVE IS A LIABILITY, NEW YORK-BASED PRODUCER FALTYDL OFFERS HIS LATEST 'MINI LP' ON THE PLANET MU IMPRINT.

The album opens with a muddle of beats, ambience and vocals that sound more like rushed pastiche of a Burial / Flying Lotus collaboration than anything else. The beats and filtered garage samples of 'Made Me Feel So Right' offer little and fail to bring an inspiring start to the album; it's too busy to listen to without feeling a bit queasy and doesn't live up to the standard of a lot of Planet Mu's releases.

Later, the album takes a spacier tone. The jarred beats and filtered samples are far more subtle, making FaltyDL's musical ideas easier to appreciate. Along with a slower tempo, there is a more interesting musical landscape to take in. The beautiful, gradual introduction of the strings in "Play Child" really makes up for the intensity of the earlier tracks. I also really enjoyed "Tronman", which has a very compelling, sped up garage beat that gradually gets weirder as the song progresses.

The garage influence feels more prominent up until the final track, 'Discant', which has a sort of Michael Jackson in hell side to it, seeming more like one of Shitmat's joke tunes than a fitting end to an album. While some of the tunes on **Bravery** are genuinely interesting and rewarding, they are at the expense of some really unpleasant stuff. Approach with caution.





RICHARD HAWLEY.

...ON SHEFFIELD, INDEPENDENCE AND HIS NEW DIRECTION.

INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

RICHARD HAWLEY IS, PUT SIMPLY, A SHEFFIELD LEGEND. WHENEVER YOU MENTION THE ‘S’ WORD HIS FACE LIGHTS UP NOTICEABLY. HAVING LIVED IN THE CITY ALL HIS LIFE AND PLAYED WITH PULP BEFORE LAUNCHING HIS SOLO CAREER, HAWLEY’S NEWEST ALBUM IS PERHAPS HIS DARKEST TO DATE. FOR THE UNACQUAINTED, HIS SONGS ARE SIMPLE AND INTIMATE, STEEPED IN SHEFFIELD IMAGERY AND DELIVERED BY A DEEP BARITONE VOICE. ON TOP OF THIS HE IS ONE OF THE MOST GENUINE PEOPLE I’VE MET IN A LONG TIME. WE CHATTED ABOUT TRUELOVE’S GUTTER AND HIS BELOVED HOME TOWN.

What have you been up to today?

About 15 interviews. From really far flung places too, like Turkey and Morocco. I had an interview with the Israeli press the other day. They flew over and I took them down to Fagan’s. Fucking mad.

The title of the new album, Truelove’s Gutter, is another Sheffield reference, isn’t it?

I was actually going to take a break from the whole Sheffield album title thing, but it was a bit like pulling an arm off. I discovered it when I was looking for something else with my mate J P Bean [author of Sheffield Gang Wars]. He had these old sheets of paper that were lists of old Sheffield street names and people who lived there and I spotted one Thomas of Truelove’s Gutter. They named it after him. From what I can gather he either ran an inn or had a gutter that was a place to dump illegal waste into the river. It was like finding the magic answer. It was the juxtaposition of the two words – the black and white, the stars and the dog shit, you know. As always in my life, it was serendipity.

What inspired you to use weird instruments like the musical saw?

My granddad was a steel worker but also a concert violinist. He were born on Duke Street during the gang wars and his life was just amazing. He did a royal command performance for the Queen at the Albert Hall, and when I played there I found a picture of him backstage, aged 17 in the Orpheus choir. Anyway, when he lived at Deep Lane in Shiregreen he used to get a saw off the garage wall and start playing it with a bow. It was such an amazing impression it made on me as a kid and I clocked it and thought, one of these days I’ll use that on a record. When I wrote ‘Don’t Get Hung Up In Your Soul’ it just seemed to fit.

Who played the new instruments?

Well that was it. It was a nightmare and for a lot of the sounds I just had an idea in my head that I described to [producer and bass player] Colin Elliot. I wanted the intro to the album to be like the sun coming up, but I didn’t want it to be pretty because the dawn is terrible. It triggers life and quite horrible things. Also, I did Coles Corner starting with a string prelude and I was determined not to repeat myself.

One day me and Jarvis [Cocker] were having a pint down the Kelham Island Tavern and he said he’d met some guy called David Coulter. So I phoned him up and he said he played the mega-bass waterphone and the saw and his mate Thomas Bloch played the glass harmonica, the cristal baschet and the ondes Martenot. I’ve since discovered there’s an entire network of mad fuckers who meet up at this convention in Switzerland once a year, where they all get out these euphoniums and cristal baschets. They’re all quite nerdy, you know.

You recorded at Yellow Arch Studios again. Why?

I’m not in any way equating myself with them, but whenever any of the greats like Leonard Chess [founder of electric blues label Chess Records] and [rock and roll producer] Sam Phillips left their magic places, even if they were dumps, something changed for them. I’ve got all the toys I’ve collected over the years at Yellow Arch and it’s a comfortable working space. You haven’t got someone cooking for you so you don’t disappear up your own arse. Politically, as well – London seems to win all the time and I want Sheffield to win because it’s been ignored for so long. But I’m overcomplicating – Yellow Arch is just a boss place to work. It’s got a vibe to it that I’ve not found anywhere else.

Did you record using analogue equipment?

No, that’s a myth. People think I record on a bit of wax cylinder or something. It’s all on Logic. I use old mics at Yellow Arch but it’s all very modern. It’s how we use stuff that matters.

Who were your Sheffield influences as a kid?

Growing up it was people like Tony Christie, Joe Cocker, Dave Berry... At that time there weren’t many examples of success. Pulp was an early one. They had It, their first album, which is still one of my favourites.

You must’ve seen a lot of changes in Sheffield...

There certainly didn’t used to be gun and knife crime. It’s ironic that we made knives for centuries but we didn’t have a problem with them in the 70s and 80s. I mean, kids carried blades but it wasn’t on the scale it is now. You could readily get hold of a really savage carving knife, but you’d use it to cut your Sunday joint rather than carve some poor fucker at the end of your street up. At my daughter’s school there’s coppers on the gates in the morning. That’s never right. I suppose it’s more national, though.

There’s also a homogenisation going on all over the country that’s really scary. Our sense of otherness, the difference between here and there, is diminished. It’s not diminishing, it’s almost gone. There were lots of things in Sheffield, like the Henderson’s Relish factory, that set us apart. Sadly, they were the things that the powers that be got rid of because they thought that otherness made us not compete as a city, when they were exactly the things that made us unique.

But in general there still seems to be a sense of decency about Sheffield people and a self-effacing sense of humour, which I know comes from people who lived quite savage lives. They had to laugh it off because if they didn’t they’d go mad.

What’s your relationship with Mute like?

Probably the best relationship I’ve had with a label, and I’ve had a few. I’m lucky with them. [Mute founder] Daniel Miller is one of the last old school visionaries left. There’s him and [Rough Trade founder] Geoff Travis, out of that generation. Obviously, [Factory Records founder] Tony Wilson is gone now, which is sad. You know, I spoke to him two days before he died. We were on about going to a real Labour party rally in Manchester.

Did you know him well?

I met him a few times. It was very difficult to get to know a man like Tony. I think what you saw is what you got with him, but you don’t really know somebody until you know what their mum’s called, I reckon.

Do you have any contemporary influences? Because to listen to your music you might think...

It’s another myth that – that I’m living in this sepia 50s dream. I see new stuff I like all the time. I just got back from End of the Road Festival and saw this American band called the Low Anthem that blew my mind. Just a guitar, harmonium, an incredible drummer, occasionally a bass and vibes. I also saw Double No No and the HeebieJeebies with Jarv at the Forum recently – they were great too. That’s the exciting thing, you see – as we talk, there’s kids that have just written that song that will get them out of Gleadless or Hackenthorpe or wherever. It’s a buzz.

Do you agree with Jarvis’ statement that “cunts are still running the world”?

Absolutely, I wouldn’t have played on that track if I didn’t. It’s true. Just look at the banking situation – we allow the government to bail those fuckers out with our money so they can repeat the same thing over and over. Cunts are still running the world and, unfortunately, probably always will. But it’s about what happens on your street, really. That’s how you change the world. That’s how you fight them from within. Sedition is the word.



JEFFREY LEWIS.

ANTAGONISTICALLY ANTI-COMMERCIAL.

INTERVIEW BY RUTH LEIGH.

JEFFREY LEWIS BURST ON TO THE ANTI/ALTERNATIVE FOLK SCENE IN THE LATE 1990S/EARLY 2000S. ALONG WITH MANY OTHERS, HE GAINED HIS ANTI-FOLK CREDENTIALS AT AN OPEN MIC NIGHT AT THE SIDE WALK CAFÉ IN NEW YORK. SINCE THEN JEFF HAS BEEN FUSING FOLK'S NARRATIVE CONSTRUCTS WITH PUNK'S ANGST, SOMETIMES PRESENTED THROUGH GRACIOUS STORYTELLING AND OFTEN WITH HIGH ENERGY, MANIC NOISE.

Not satisfied with being an increasingly well-recognised and well-respected musician, Jeff is also becoming better known for his comic books. Versatile when it comes to content, his books vary from outlandish fiction to documentaries covering political affairs and music history. These offerings are regularly presented at his gigs with a musical accompaniment. Recently, while touring with his band, Jeff has managed to find time to present lectures based around Alan Moore's Watchmen comic books.

Sat in a dusty and dank stairwell, Now Then caught up with Jeff before his gig at the Harley.

How is the tour going so far?

We are trying to play smaller and more unusual venues on this trip. Usually we play the standard Leeds and Manchester, but on this tour we are doing Hebden Bridge, Sunderland and Southampton. It is a nice change of pace.

There is a lot of hype about anti-folk. Would you say that it is something which you see yourself being a part of?

I think that for me and others who came out of the scene in 1999 and 2000, we had at the time never heard of anti-folk. People just started calling us it. I have never rejected this. Anti-folk, if anything, probably means two things: people who started out at the Side Walk Café who also play music that combines folk and punk.

What does being musically independent mean to you?

The idea of waiting around for something to happen is quite unrealistic for a majority of people. If you want to be out there participating and playing for people, making recordings, or whichever part of music you want to be involved in, there is no substitute for doing it and learning how to make it happen.

Who would you say are your main musical influences?

Yellow Tangerine and Violent Femmes in terms of what we aspire to be like as a live band. Also, dynamically, we like being able to do really good quiet songs and also to play intense rock and roll and have fearlessness in a noise experiment, which is very Lou Reed and Velvet Underground.

How does your musical relationship work with your brother Jack?

We started out playing together when I was 20 and he was 16. I would do a show and he would join me for a few songs. Usually on any album, one or two songs are Jack's, although the arrangements are mine.

There appears to be a stronger sense of narrative in your earlier albums.

I think that on any given album there is some stuff which has a beginning, a middle and an end, and some that has verse chorus verse chorus. The same is true of my comics: there is non-fiction stuff and far-out, weird stuff. The story songs probably stand out more to people because it is not something a lot of bands do.

Speaking of comics, what inspired you to do lectures on Alan Moore's Watchmen comic books?

I originally wrote my senior thesis on Watchmen. I was a literature Major back in the late 90s and it was a well-received paper. With the film coming out I thought it would be a good reason to dust it off and re-edit it. Translating it into something conversational, using the findings that I made and telling it to people in an academic way was fun.

For your album 12 Crass Songs you re-worked songs by Crass. Why?

Crass is a band which I love and I thought it would be interesting to see what they would be like taken into a different genre and produced in different ways. The point of the Crass songs was to take really raw songs and present them as polished. There is pressure from record companies to produce something polished, so I thought I would present this antagonistically anti-commercial sentiment in a slick package.

So what is next?

I have loads of new recordings which are home demos with me and my guitar that I don't know what to do with. I feel that the last album I did was the best that I could do, so maybe it is time to take a step back and move in another direction.

Jeffrey Lewis and the Junkyard's latest album EM ARE I is out now on Rough Trade Records.



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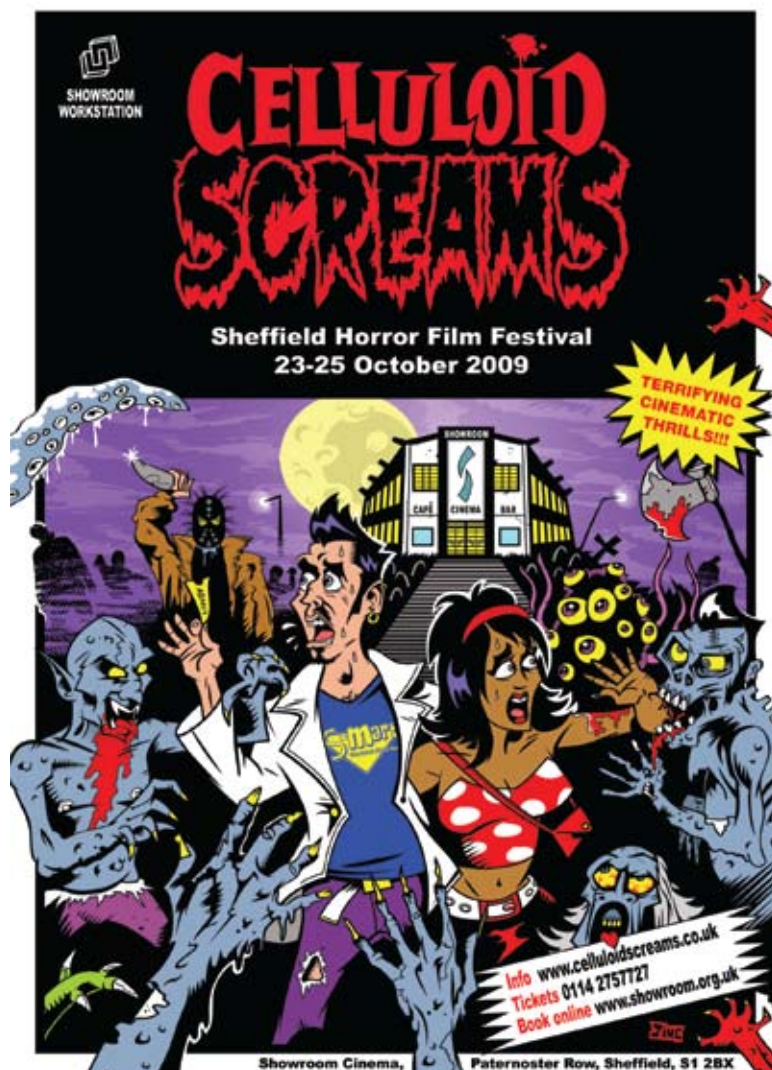
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SUN 18TH OCT - £14 ADV - 7PM *

VNV NATION

+ FROZEN PLASMA
+ AYRIA

MON 19TH OCT - £6 ADV - 7PM *#

THE DEFILED

+ TED MAUL

THU 22ND OCT - £6 ADV - 7PM *

FOREVER NEVER

+ STONE RUN

SAT 24TH OCT - £10 ADV - 7PM *#

THE DOGS D'AMOUR

+ SILVERJET
+ VIOLENT ANGEL

SUN 25TH OCT - £16 ADV - 7PM *

THE TENNESSEE THREE

THE LEGENDARY SOUND BEHIND
JOHNNY CASH

TUE 27TH OCT - £7 ADV - 7PM *

A STORM OF LIGHT / MINSK

+ BOANTHROPE

THU 29TH OCT - £14 ADV - 7PM *

PAMA INTERNATIONAL

+ SUPPORT

FRI 30TH OCT - £15 ADV - 7PM *#

CANNIBAL CORPSE

+ DYING FETUS
+ TRIGGER THE BLOODSHED
+ ANNOTATIONS OF AN AUTOPSY

SAT 31ST OCT - £5 ADV - 7PM *#

YASHIN

+ MAE'S LOST EMPIRE

SUN 1ST NOV - £12 ADV - 5PM *

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+ HORSE THE BAND
+ AS BLOOD RUNS BLACK
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+ I WRESTLED A BEAR ONCE
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03/11 - CHTHONIC
04/11 - KYLESA
06/11 - HOUSE OF LORDS
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10/11 - TOMBS / BURIED INSIDE
11/11 - BREED 77
12/11 - EMMURE / CALIBAN
13/11 - [SITD:]
14/11 - FADERHEAD
15/11 - GUN
20/11 - GARY NUMAN
21/11 - LAHANNYA
22/11 - PANIC CELL
27/11 - CRUXSHADOWS
28/11 - CRIMES OF PASSION
29/11 - VAIN
30/11 - THE ANSWER
01/12 - TOXIC HOLOCAUST
04/12 - PRETTY BOY FLOYD
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16/02 - GOD IS AN ASTRONAUT

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& Seize the Chair. £2/3

MONDAY 5TH OCTOBER
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Feat. The legend of Hey Sholay, Little Slosed David &
Christopher 'Dangerous' Bassford with a Night of Power
Ballads, Rock Anthems & Spandex Outfits! Free Entry!

MONDAY 12TH OCTOBER
Silent Film Project, The Rifle Volunteer,
Doll Zed, Stephano Esposito Aka: Bad
Musician & Nova Libertad.

MONDAY 19TH OCTOBER
LittleLostDavid, Wooden Bolts,
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MONDAY 26TH OCTOBER
Dead World Leaders,
The Violet May
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FILMREEL.

FILMS FROM THE FRONTIER.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES WITH SAM WALBY.

INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS. (2009) DIRECTOR - QUENTIN TARANTINO.

QUENTIN TARANTINO'S WWII YARN IS SOMETHING OF A CINEMATIC PARADOX. THE OUTSTANDING OPENING CHAPTER IS, IN STYLE, PROBABLY THE MOST CLEARLY REFERENTIAL SECTION OF THE FILM - INDEBTED TO SERGIO LEONE AND FOLLOWING ON THE TRADITION OF THE SPAGHETTI WESTERN. STILL, IT ATTAINS AN AUTHENTICITY THAT THE REST OF THE FILM SEEMS TO LACK ALTOGETHER. ITS MEASURED AND GENUINELY MENACING TONE IS ALMOST ENTIRELY LOST FOR THE REMAINDER OF WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A VERY UNEVEN FILM.

That said, there are some great moments throughout, punctuated with sharp humour, flawless cinematography and impeccable acting. And the plot device of using a pile of flammable nitrate film reels to burn down a small cinema with the top figures of the Third Reich inside is both ingenious and inspired.

Still, the problem lies in the way that Tarantino has always encouraged us to look at his work via other films. His previous barrage of both intricate and direct references to (sub)genres and their (un)related iconography has been toned down here, so what we're left with is self-reference.

Cinematic devices which were previously (and more relevantly) employed in, for instance, Kill Bill are utilised here in a more truncated form.

Consistent to all his films is a love of language, in particular as a means to highlight what simultaneously differentiates and brings cultures together. Here, the richness of language becomes the very core of the film, but still fails to salvage its poorly-drafted narrative.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST. (1968) DIRECTOR - SERGIO LEONE.

IN THE HANDS OF SERGIO LEONE, THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE WESTERN GENRE WAS ENTIRELY REDEFINED - WITH A SUBLIME STYLISATION WHICH WAS INITIALLY ONLY BUT SKETCHED IN A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS, POLISHED IN A FEW DOLLARS MORE AND FINALLY ATTAINED IN THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY. BUT THE DOLLARS TRILOGY WAS CERTAINLY THE WARM-UP FOR WHAT WAS TO ENSUE.

Once Upon A Time In The West reaches perfection on so many levels that to call it one of the most exquisite films ever made still feels somewhat like an understatement. The multi-stranded yet classic narrative unravels with incredible precision. The broader central theme of corruption is gradually revealed to be underpinned by more personal retribution and, just like the unstoppable railroad which progresses through the unforgiving landscape, we head towards a magnificent fatalistic finale.

This film is as much of an epic farewell to a commonly romanticised view of the Wild West as it is an incisive character study. Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, Jason Robards and Charles Bronson all play unforgettable characters with a depth and tragic beauty only matched by Ennio Morricone's evocative music.

The final sequence, with Cardinale's whore-made-mother-earth bringing water to the railroad workers, is amongst the most beautiful you will ever see. It points towards a future, and it's made even more powerful by knowledge of what's been left behind...

The film is currently available on a double-disc Special Collector's Edition DVD from Paramount.

FITZCARRALDO. (1982) DIRECTOR - WERNER HERZOG.

FITZCARRALDO IS THE STORY OF A MAN DRIVEN HALF-MAD BY HIS LOVE OF OPERA. DESPERATE TO SET UP HIS OWN OPERA HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PERUVIAN JUNGLE AND FRUSTRATED WITH VARIOUS FAILING MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES, FITZCARRALDO BUYS A STEAMBOAT WITH THE PLAN OF REACHING INACCESSIBLE AND LUCRATIVE RUBBER TREES BY DRAGGING IT OVER A CLIFF BETWEEN TWO RIVERS.

Klaus Kinski plays the lead role with surprising human warmth, "the conquistador of the useless" financed by his mistress, affluent brothel owner Molly (Claudia Cardinale). Of course, Fitzcarraldo's struggles parallel that of Herzog in shooting the film. His team managed to drag the 300+ ton steam boat up a 40-degree hill with the help of native Peruvians but without the use of special effects or camera trickery. The result is incredible in the proper sense of the word.

Thematically, Fitzcarraldo will be familiar to those who have seen Herzog's documentaries - mysteries abound, nature dominates, strange characters surface and the merciless savagery of the jungle is captured in a near-perfect way through long, speechless shots, larger-than-life events and native superstitions.

Kinski's expressions of child-like disbelief and angry obsession are gloriously interchangeable throughout, while his lecherous cook Huerequeque adds a twist of drunken comedy to proceedings. Some of the best moments feature Fitzcarraldo atop the three-storey boat, blasting opera out of his beloved gramophone in a bid to sedate the local Peruvians.

Like all things Herzog, Fitzcarraldo can be hard work, but a piece of cinema that is so unique and uncanny deserves more than a passing glance anyway.

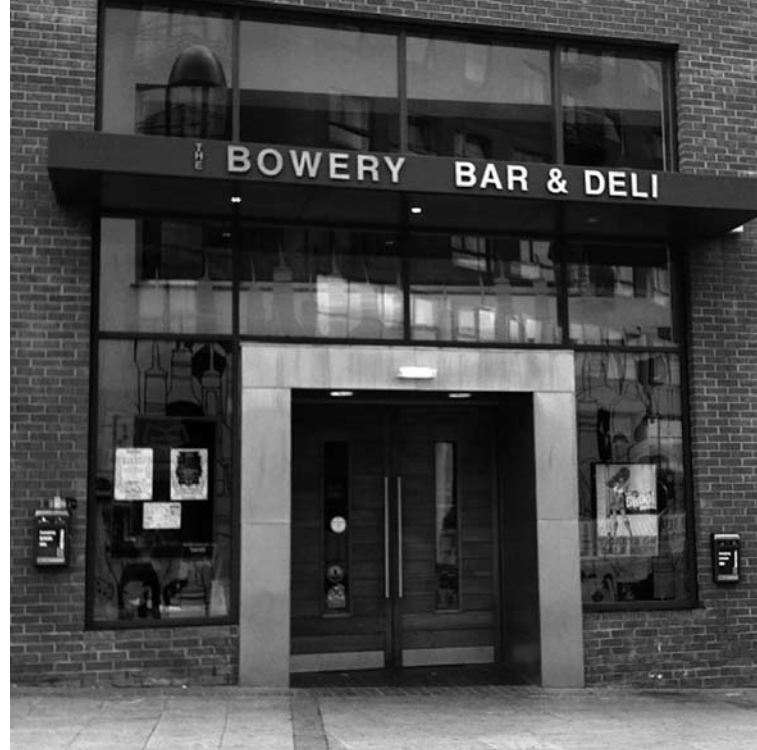


ARCADE. FORUM SHOPS, DIVISION ST. GETALOADGEO.CO.UK

ARCADE IS THE LATEST TO JOIN THE COSY FAMILY OF FORUM SHOPS AND AS WELL AS BEING A TREASURE TROVE OF FUN AND STYLISH WARES, IT IS ALSO HOME TO A COUPLE OF LOCAL AND PROLIFIC CREATIVE TYPES KNOWN AS GEO AND ANGGA WHO OPERATE TOGETHER UNDER THE BANNER OF THE HANTU COLLECTIVE.

This community-minded partnership started the collective as a vehicle for local artists and illustrators to work together under one name and express their creative ideas, initially with the designing and printing of T-shirts. Pretty soon they made the progression into ethical fashion such as organic and ethically sourced materials and the promoting of local charities including Emmaus and Sheffield Children's Hospital, as well as contributing to the SCOTS Foundation charity show. Good eggs.

While the pair have a singular vision, both bring different skills to the table, with Geo wielding the pens to create a distinctive, chunky/curvy style of illustration and Angga specialising in screen printing and T-shirt design for wearable art. The team are a self sufficient entity, designing and printing all their lines in-house, making bespoke garments to order and to the individuals specifications. Also, where possible the designs are never replicated for anyone else, making these exclusive designs exactly that. You can catch Geo doin' his thang around the bars and clubs of Sheffield with his regular live art shows (including Monday nights at Soyo), but do check out Arcade itself and see if they can't fix you up, Hantu style.



THE BOWERY. DEVONSHIRE ST. THEBOWERYSHEFFIELD.COM

IT'S BEEN JUST OVER A YEAR SINCE WE LAST COVERED THE BOWERY IN OUR TRADERS SECTION. WE'RE PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO SAY THAT IT'S IMPROVED CONSTANTLY OVER THE MONTHS, WITH AN EVER-INCREASING ROTATION OF ARTWORK FROM THE LIKES OF GEO, MCKEE, JONES, AND THE LATEST WARP EXHIBITION. THESE GUYS HAVE THEIR FINGERS IN MANY PIES, FROM TRAMLINES TO THREADS TO WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE, SO IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT THE MYSTERY TRAIN OF WHAT BIG NAME COMES NEXT HAS YET TO RUN OUT OF STEAM.

For the newbies who have not quite made it out of the Hall environment, The Bowery is located right at the top of Devonshire Street as it joins West St. If you're still confused, have a look on our map. You could probably log roll it from Bar One. If last year is anything to go by - and it probably is - expect DJ sets from the likes of Richard Hawley, Matt Helders and Andy Nicholson of Arctic fame.

Now, the Bowery is to be enjoyed throughout the day - as evidenced by not only their WIFI, the opening hours and affordable coffee prices, but also the presence of an original Nintendo with Super Mario. We shouldn't have to say more.

Now Then recommends First Word Thursdays with Andy H and Clip Board - funk, dub, soul, hip-hop and more. Also, if you're new to the city or just looking to try something outside the box, then head down on a Tuesday to try your skills on the decks. Anyone's welcome - email Norah at thebowerysheffield@googlemail.com

Last but not least there are 25 (!) different types of rum here, with a host of other cocktails, beers and the likes for you to try. Long live independent drinking!

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

SOYO LIVE. SOYO.ME EVERY MONDAY - 7PM TILL LATE. 117 ROCKINGHAM ST.

We've picked out some choice line-ups from past Monday nights at Soyo: Neil Mcsweeney and Little Lost David to name but a few heads. So it seems fitting to mention it now as one of our favourites. Dedicated to all things live, the Monday nights here are well worth a jaunt into town.

Soyo itself has a loungey, leather-bound bar feel, which adds emphasis to performance and lends the appropriate gloom necessary to spill a drink down y'self. The event itself is usually free entry, with decent sound and stage management throughout. Added to the mix are the Hantu Collective - a group of artists and designers who perform live illustration. It's win-win, basically.

Check out Dead World Leaders on October 26th.

SOUR JAM. SOURJAM.COM

Sour Jam is a Sheffield-based brand producing a diverse collection of t-shirts from graphic artists up North and around the UK. They aim to create limited edition graphic t-shirts which stand out from the mass-produced norm.

Firmly on the vibe of rare and unique clothing, they are on the look-out for talented, undiscovered artists and designers to submit work for short runs of shirts.

So if you feel you'd like to work with Sheffield's stickiest t-shirt label or you'd just like to wear some truly original clothing, visit www.sourjam.com and get your teeth sunk in.

SYD AND MALLORY'S. SYDANDMALLORY.COM. FORUM SHOPS, DIVISION ST.

From their humble beginnings back in 2006, when owners Kirsteen and Lucee worked out of a cold, dimly lit studio space on the edge of town, Syd & Mallory's have come a very long way.

Now housed in relative luxury in the Forum Shops, this little DIY fashion boutique has clung fiercely to its principles of one-off, individual design, with a huge proportion of their stock handmade on the premises by the girls themselves. The idea being rather than trawling the rails of your average vintage shop for something that little bit different, you can have a completely unique item tailored to your specification. These guys really have worked solidly to make this concept sustainable, so pop in and see why. It's properly ace.

SEAL CLUB. MYSFACE.COM/THISISSEALCLUB BUNGALOWS & BEARS. 17TH OCTOBER, 8AM-1AM.

Seal Club is the often mysterious and comic invention of Beard. This month's event at Bungalows & Bears is on the 17th and amusingly entitled "NEVER MIND THE POLLOCKS, HERE'S ANDY'S BUMHOLE", which says a lot really... This is an exhibition of new works by Sheffield's foremost exponent of the bowel movement - Beard himself.

Featuring interactive performances, Photoshop/Google Image combos and one-sided musical dialogue, this is a night with a difference, featuring companion pieces by Kid Acne, Tokyo Jo, Syd and Mallory's and more. Fancy dress is a must. Think funky. Think Art. Think Fart. This is not one to be caught taking yourself seriously. Look out for Damien Hirst's head suspended in a bucket of piss and various pieces called Cock and Balls #1 to #15.

THE SHOWROOM CINEMA. SHOWROOM.ORG.UK 7 PATERNOSTER ROW.

The Showroom cinema has been featuring a century of British coalmining films since last month, which comes to a close on the October 15th. It's well worth a visit and a look back. Filled with unique images and a variety of historical pastiches, these films provide us with a very moving look into our industrial past and feature directors such as Barry Hines, Ken Russell and Ken Loach.

Delving into the BFI's extensive film and television archive collection, King Coal will showcase rarely seen films and footage shot on location within local Yorkshire mining communities. The programme includes fictional dramas and real-life documentaries which explore the turbulent story of coal and its immense effect on British life.

DELICIOSO. PLATILLOS.CO.UK. 2ND WED OF THE MONTH. PLATILLOS, LEOPOLD SQUARE.

Located on Leopold Square in the city centre, Platillos is an independent tapas bar that serves great food. Little plates with big flavours is the idea. And it works.

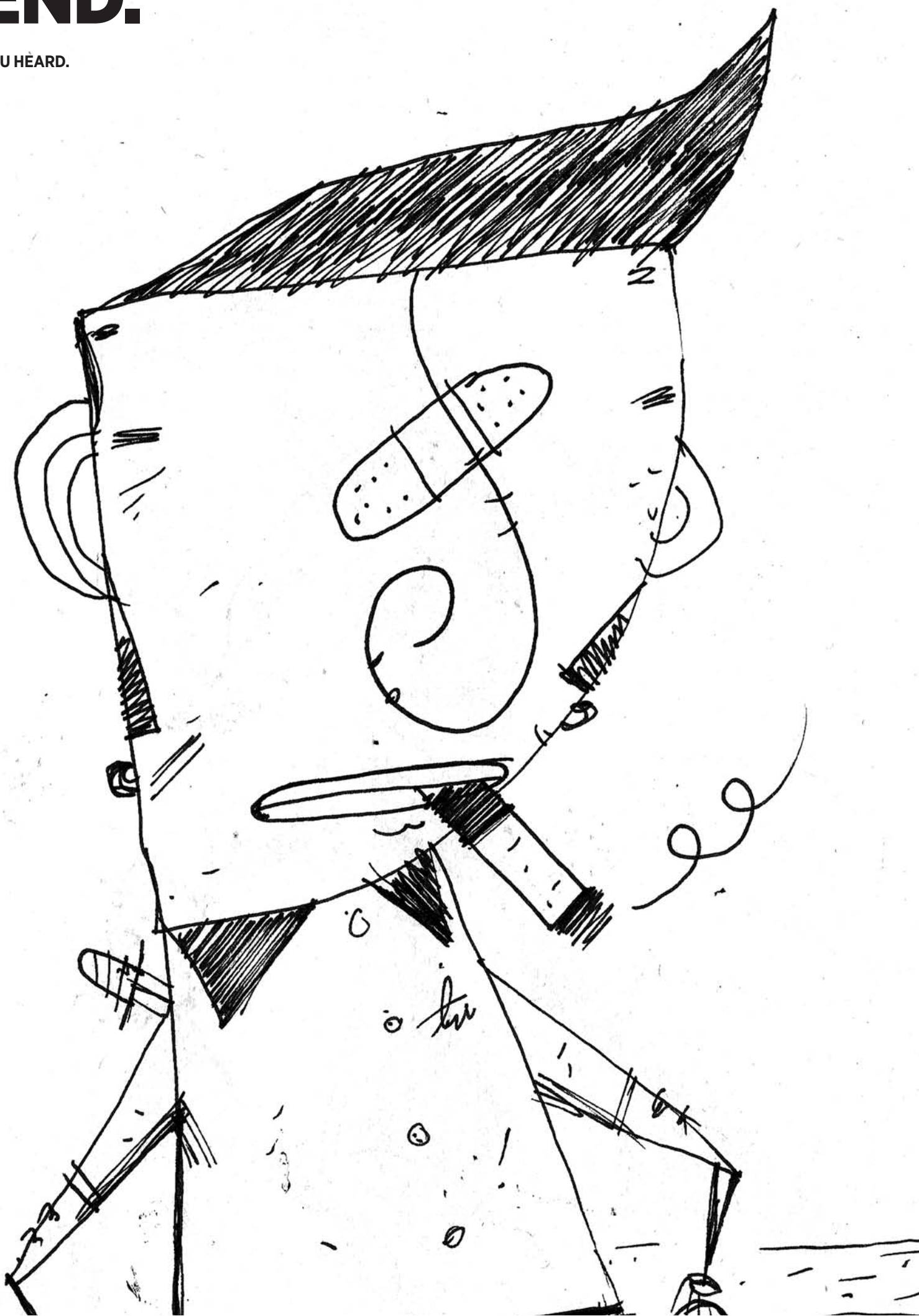
Each month Platillos go a few steps further than the majority of city centre restaurants by putting on an event called Delicioso. Trust us when we say, book now. Delicioso is an interactive, specialist food and drink event that explores the many influences on the Platillos tapas menu.

Every month they pick a different country and explore its cuisine, serving up traditional food and drink you would struggle to find anywhere else. This month it's Morocco! The damage is £30 per head, but for this you get a four course meal, drinks to match each course and live music specific to that month's theme.



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